

THE COLLEGIAN



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COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



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The Replenished Hearth

Before the embers on the hearth of life,
So gloomy, dull, despondent, sat Old Father Time.
His wearied mien bespoke the work of Sculptor Strife,
The Liegeman of the cruelest of all tyrants, Crime.

A tired glance upon his diary revealed
Another birthday, surely, swiftly drawing nigh.
With cheery smile, the year's kind deeds he sealed,
While leering tyrant Crime evoked a rending sigh.

The dying embers, symbol of the closing year,
With ghostly light upon his features kind did leap;
And though the phantom of despair provoked a tear,
Yet gently nodding, Father Time did fall asleep.

The merry chime of bells the midnight hour
announced,
Recalled from dreamland Father Time no longer old,
With brow no longer ridged by many cares
pronounced,
But young and gay, with courage new, and hope
untold.

"Rejoice!" he cried, "and with me put all cares aside.
Stock high the fuel of hope upon the hearth of Life;
Another year is borne to us that we may ride
Triumphant, cheerful, o'er the thorny paths of strife."

—Roman Lochotzki, '28

“Dapper Dick” Crawford

IT was New Year's eve in an American metropolis; over all hung an expectant hush. The heart of the great city held holiday, as the pure white snow, falling silently from the heavens, hid the unattractive features of Mother Earth. Good cheer and Christmas spirit lingered tardily in the air; in the holly-trimmed shop windows the scintillating red and green lights reflected this fading joy which still emanated feebly from the snapping eyes and rosy cheeks of many New-Year revellers.

In the invalid ward of St. Joseph's Hospital, Dick Crawford, “globe trotter” and adventurer, sat with bandaged eyes, while the ruddy glow of the firelight played over his thin features. Few, indeed, of his associates would have recognized him as the same lithe, wiry man of some weeks ago. “Dapper Dick,” as these boon companions would call him, had changed. For him the lamp of life, flickering lower and lower, had well-nigh gone out; the portals of death had swung half open, yet the almighty hand of God had not touched him, and this semblance of a man struggled back into existence to learn the horrible details of a train wreck.

Not in body, however, had the greatest change been wrought, but in temperament, in spirit—gone was that reckless, happy-go-lucky nature which had brought the name “Dapper Dick;” instead had come a retrospective trend of mind and a serious mien. Stirring the depths of Dick Crawford's heart were strange emotions; emotions which he could not stifle, try as he would; memories which he had long thought forgotten flooded his soul; old fires, dormant for years, were bursting into flame.

Mingled with the crackling of the fire, from the ward across the hall came the sound of children's voices, happy in the thought of their recent Christmas joys. Back over the years went the thoughts of the Dick Crawford of today, to the Dick Crawford of fifteen years ago. What a panorama of happiness had then unfolded itself as he looked down the vista of years. Nothing had been lacking to him: a happy father, in a still more happy home; riches, honor, love—all were his. Filled to overflowing was the cup of life, and with deep draughts he drank in the rich wine of pleasure.

Though life like a crystal stream may for a time run on free and untrammelled, God in his wisdom has decreed that the transient wind of adversity shall at times whip that smooth surface into foaming waves. Thus had Crawford experienced it.

With one fell stroke death broke up a happy family, and a little girl with the blue eyes and the golden hair of her mother was left with a heart-broken father whom she was just learning to call "Daddy Dick". Then followed a year of wild club life and riotous living by means of which a lonesome man was trying to forget the sorrow that gnawed at his heart strings. After several disastrous scenes, the relatives of the mother, insisting that the child was no longer being reared decently, placed the little girl in a convent school. Father and daughter parted unwillingly: the father, for the child's sake, relinquished the last bit of life's sunshine, while the blue eyes of the little girl filled with tears as she cried for her "Daddy Dick."

All home ties were broken; with their going, there came into existence "Dapper Dick" Crawford, the wanderer, to whom honor, position, religion meant nothing—all were sacrificed on the altar of pleasure. But men, foolish mortals as they are, little knew

that when "Dapper Dick" was at his merriest, when he drained the sparkling glass to its dregs, when he risked his life and limb for the thrill of adventure, he was but trying to dull the sorrow of a throbbing heart within. Though riches had come in abundance; happiness, after fifteen years spent in the elusive pursuit of it, still remained a stranger in the heart of this lonely man. Such were the thoughts that gave the firelit features of "Dapper Dick" Crawford a serious mien as he sat alone that New Year's Eve. Over him swept a great wave or remorse, of loneliness, and of desolation, as he scowled into the fire.

With a start Crawford came back from his reveries. To his ears was borne the pleasant voice of Mother Agnes, as she introduced a noted young opera singer, who was to brighten the patients' New Year's Eve by a few appropriate songs. Sighing his relief, "Dapper Dick" welcomed this interruption to the unwholesome trend of thought that threatened to drive him mad.

Crawford, music-lover by nature and by talent, sat enraptured throughout the various numbers. Once the world had hailed him as a brilliant musician, as a promising young composer—that had been in the days of sunshine—but in the life of "Dapper Dick" music had found little place, for it always brought with it unpleasant thoughts and burning memories. This evening, however, everything was different; with genuine regret he heard the young girl announce that as a last encore she would sing her favorite selection, thus completing the evening's program.

Starting almost inaudibly at first, the rich young voice of the singer grew in power and intensity as she swung into the haunting melody of the piece; her whole being was in the rendition, and into the

singing there crept a touch of sadness, a sound of tears. Across the hall "Dapper Dick" Crawford seemed as if turned to stone—that piece, "The Cradle Song of Bethlehem", the world knew to be the last from the gifted Crawford of other days. With his whole body in sympathy with the spirit of the singer, he sat yearning "for the tender grace of a day that was dead." In answer to his request the young singer came into his room. He sighed from the depths of a turbulent heart, and a strange moisture dimmed the bandaged eyes.

"Please accept my heartiest congratulations upon the rendition of that last selection," said the invalid courteously. "Yours will be a brilliant career if your singing is always like that. On life's road let this be your consolation," he continued, "you have re-kindled the light of faith in a heart that has long been darkened with unbelief."

"Oh, I am so glad you enjoyed the selection," came the joyful response of the girl. "It has always appealed to me. Are you familiar with the selection? It was written quite a long time ago, and few people are acquainted with it."

"Yes," answered Crawford slowly, "the fact is that I am more than familiar with it. I---I--composed it." Too late he caught himself. The world was to forget that the "Dapper Dick" of today was the Dick Crawford of yester years.

"Then - - - then you are really Richard Crawford the composer - - my - - - my - - dear "Daddy Dick" for whom I've waited so long." And with a glad little cry, the girl with her embrace, threatened to crush the long-lost father.

At the solemn hour of midnight, as the merry bells bid adieu to a blustering old year and welcomed a hopeful new one, "Dapper Dick" passed away for-

ever. With his going there came into being the supremely happy Richard Crawford of former days—the days of faith—who begged of his new-found Lord the boon of living for Him and for the good of a faithful, golden-haired daughter.

—Carl Gates, '28.

Memorare

Remember, Mary, Virgin chaste
O Mother most benign,
'Twas never known that one who fled
For refuge to thy shrine,
Or came to beg thy gracious help,
Thine intercession prayed—
No, never didst thou such forsake,
Refuse thy sovereign aid.

Inspired with firmest confidence
I hasten unto thee;
A sinful child but penitent,
Sweet Virgin, pity me.
I've come to thee without one fear,
O Mother of the Word,
My pleading thou wilt not despise,
My prayer, leave not unheard.
—Rev. Joseph Mutch, Alumnus '01

The Staff of the Collegian extends hearty compliments to Rev. Joseph Mutch upon his very successful English versification of the beautiful Latin "Memorare." The Rt. Rev. John F. Noll, Bishop of Fort Wayne, has given his "Imprimatur" to this English version, and has attached an indulgence of 300 days to each recital of the prayer.

The Spirit of Semiramis

Sardanapalus stood in the middle of the room. In undulating folds the silken, royal mantle, proper to the rulers of ancient Babylon, trailed in brilliant colors of purple and gold from his lithe shoulders to a great length over a rug of softest down. Holding in his long trim fingers a ruby of rare quality and uncommon size, he contemplated with fixed gaze the bloodred flashes that scintillated about the innumerable facets of the priceless gem, and evidently took vast pleasure in possessing an heirloom both precious and ornamental; added to these qualities, moreover, it was reminiscent of the glory that in past ages had graced his royal ancestors.

"Oh, here comes my jeweler," exclaimed the sovereign, as the palace goldsmith humbly bowed his way into the august kingly presence. "Take this ruby, sir, and fasten it in the necklace which you have fashioned for me out of the old crown on which it reposed. But note, sir, the ruby shall be a pendant and shall rest here. (The king pointed proudly to the center of his own bosom.) From this shrine its fiery rays shall glow to good effect. Since the old crown of which it was the chief ornament has been transformed into a necklace, it would be folly to allow this stone of blood and fire to glitter to no purpose in the vaults of my treasury."

"But, your Majesty," the royal jeweler ventured to interpose, "does the memory of Ninus the Great and of his noble consort, Semiramis, hold no place in your esteem? These, your renowned ancestors, who in the heat of battle and with arduous toil reared the mighty walls of this your magnificent city and laid the foundation for that glory and splendor

which now makes you the most respected among the kings of the world, surely deserve honor."

"Fie on their vaunted exploits and mighty deeds," retorted Sardanapalus. "Why should I honor that old historic crown which centuries ago made uneasy the head of Ninus the Great, and which served merely to gratify the vanity of his haggish, royal consort, Queen Semiramis? To me their glory and memory are like the dust of the fields."

Amused by the contemplation of mere baubles, the mind of Sardanapalus could not readily concentrate on weighty affairs of state. In consequence the most urgent kingly duties received but scant attention. His mind was mainly occupied with the task of obtaining and keeping about his person trinkets and ornaments proper to women. To the great surprise of all his courtiers, he had even given specified orders that his royal robes should be designed and tailored in every detail like the dresses of women. To a man of his effeminate disposition the glory of the scepter of Babylon had no value.

While his conversation with the palace jeweler was in progress, a bright round spot of light shown on the rug, as if a ray of sunlight had casually strayed through a pinhole in the rich draperies that curtained the windows. At the cruel, heartless words which Sardanapalus uttered regarding his worthy ancestors, a sputtering flash like the fizzling of a fuse rose from the bright spot, only to die out in a puff of faint blue smoke. Now here, now there, the bright spot of light moved on the rug while the sputtering with its accompanying film of smoke evidently sought to attract the attention of the sottish king.

Warningly the thunderous blast of a trumpet tore through the stillness of the palace halls. Immediately a trembling herald prostrated himself at the feet of

the dreamy king and shrieked with fear: "Even now, now, Sir, Arbaces, Belesis, and Ninus the Younger are approaching from the eastern foothills with a host as numerous as devouring locusts. No good do they mean toward your Majesty. Sound the alarm, and, in the name of Marduk, give the call to arms!"

In response to these summons and for the purpose of stirring martial feelings in the royal bosom, the palace guards, standing in the long corridor that flanked the regal chambers, struck their swords upon their shields to cause a thundering rumble like a distant clash of arms. But to Sardanapalus the noise of battle was distasteful. As if in a happy dream-land, his eyes were fastened on the gem of fire and blood; his thoughts were on the golden necklace; even the defence of his realm could not command his attention.

Brighter than before gleamed the spot of light on the pile of the rich, soft rug; the sputtering became more pronounced; the film of blue smoke rose to the royal features only to be wafted aside by the slender, feminine hand of the king. Without ceremony, all covered with perspiration, and with hectic haste, a courier now dashed into the presence of his Majesty and exclaimed in wildest accents: "Your enemies are battering at the eastern portal; O king, protect yourself and yours!" At these words and without further warning, a blue flame rose from the bright spot on the rug. Its fiery point whipped itself into motion like a speaking tongue, and in a solemn, clear tone came the words: "Fie on thee, Sardanapalus, disgrace of the glorious dynasty of Ninus the Great! Know that I am the spirit of Semiramis. I have come to shame thee for thy cowardice and effeminacy. That gem, so precious in thy sight is not a ruby, but a diamond of clearest ray. When thy

renowned ancestor, Ninus, fought in battle to rear the throne of which thou art an unworthy occupant, this diamond was bathed in his royal blood, and being softer than thy cruel heart, it absorbed that ruddy color that has now captivated thy silly fancy. As a proof, let the gem fall from thy wretched hands." These words caused Sardanapalus to blanch with fear; he did not dare to disobey the striking command. As the jewel fell, the bright spot on the rug shaped itself into a shining cup to receive it.

Again the mysterious voice made itself heard, but now it spoke in a commanding tone: "Sardanapalus, behold the drops of blood that trickle from the facets of this gem; it is the same blood that it drank fresh from the heart of Ninus the Great when he fell on the field of glory in defence of this thy renowned city of Babylon. It shall not remain spilt, this blood, but the diamond, with more sense of honor than thy unmanly bosom can harbor, shall take it up again. Henceforth allow this gem to be for thee an emblem of courage and manliness."

The bright spot with its smoke and flame disappeared while the gem lay quietly sparkling on the rug. "Here is the necklace, Sir," announced the jeweler, "where would you have the ruby attached?" Taking the necklace, Sardanapalus made no reply. Repeated blasts from a trumpet reverberated through the palace halls, giving signals of the utmost danger. For the last time a herald groveled prostrate before the weakling king and delivered his message in accents of horror: "O great Sir, your enemies are invading your city with fire and sword, save thyself and those who belong to you by the most hasty flight."

At these words Sardanapalus awoke as from a

trance. He raised the ruby from the floor, but his hand trembled as if he were holding a coal of fire. Still standing in the middle of the room, he held the necklace in one hand and the ruby in the other without knowing what to do. At length he spoke: "Build an altar of wood in the courtyard," he commanded the royal guards; "bind the hands and feet of my servants, both men and women, and place them together with all my belongings on that altar." Even now his summons were obeyed by more than a thousand hands. Sardanapalus now moved from his position in the room and went out into the courtyard. Seeing his orders fulfilled, he commanded that the altar be set on fire.

The bright spot reappeared, but this time in divided form. A portion of it fell upon either hand of the king in which he was still holding the necklace and the ruby. Stung with anguish, he now threw the necklace and the ruby high into the air, and cast himself into the flames that were raging about the altar before him. In the ascending smoke the shape of Semiramis appeared; the necklace wound itself about her head in the form of a crown; the ruby took its accustomed place on that crown, and the glory of the first dynasty of Babylon vanished with her in the midst of the din of battle, fire, and confusion.

—Carl Longanbach, '28

The Use of the Fantastic *by Percy MacKaye*

FROM the sources of ultra romantic adventure and the vast array of ghosts and goblins, Percy MacKaye has succeeded in creating a new world which is replete with interest and wonder. Upon every theme falls a shadow of the fantastic, the fundamental personal touch of America's singular dramatist, who, nevertheless, retains an emotional interest which makes his appeal all the more general.

The editor of the Nation has aptly characterized the works of MacKaye as "half-serious rather than austere, either frankly gay or frequently the corridor that divides mirth and gravity, with the doors left ajar on either hand." In attitude, audiences now demand more than a mere array of the fantastic, a marshalling of ghosts and goblins, to entertain listless minds. This fantastic element plainly dominates the mind of MacKaye when he writes for the stage, though by using it with a fresh adroitness he succeeds in the achievement of effect hitherto believed impossible by means of exaggeration and mystery. "The blending of wit and fancy in which Mr. MacKaye is sole among his brethren takes us back across the centuries to the times of Elizabeth, or across the sea to find its only living counterpart in the "poudre d'astres" with which Rostand sprinkles his captivating pages." Making the grotesque and arabesque speak in modern accents enlivened by meter and wit is MacKaye's forte as a playwright. As Irving combines the fantastic with the boisterous, so MacKaye flavors the fantastic with the artful. With marked success he has plucked a

spectre here and a goblin there, and now and then a rosy bit of sentiment together with some hoary and wrinkled specimen of character looking much like Rip Van Winkle after his twenty years of sleep, and has fashioned these into new and exquisite designs by compounding and mixing them in the retort of his own magic imagination. To add the quality that would raise the old fantasies to the level of modern appreciation constitutes the genius of MacKaye. Upon the twilight of fable he has directed the dazzling brightness of wit and fantasy, revealing in charming splendor the soft glow and perfect blend of fact and fiction, of sense and nonsense, of paradoxically true and absurdly false.

A brief survey of "Sanctuary, a Bird Masque" will readily illustrate the duofold purpose of MacKaye. A melodramatic impression is realized which is much in harmony with the light dialogue that runs through the play with hardly any semblance of argument, but with much attempt at evolving sentiment by recalling to mind the thoughtlessness of outraging innocent and helpless beings, whose relations to man are those of noble service. Its secret of attraction consists in a combination of the fantastic and practical. Speaking of "Sanctuary" one critic writes, "Its practical purpose, its lyrical verse, its underlying symbolism, and its dramatic merit will make it of true importance to all who are interested in nature, poetry, and drama." Its lyrical touch readily blends with fantastic stage setting. Aristophanes used actors to symbolize birds, but he intended only satire; Rostand intended only amusement; MacKaye has a superior aim, namely, to convey valuable instruction and deep interest.

From an article written by MacKaye himself in the New Republic it appears that he does not consider

the materials used in his plays as really fantastic, but rather as so many mystical symbols, whose office is to suggest to beholders the grandeur of mental contemplation, the glimmer and glory of intellectual life as compared with the filth, drudgery, and grind of ordinary existence. He exults in this idea as being new and young as it is evident from his own words here quoted: "Indeed, the fecundity and mystical affluence of America were never more profound than now in their organic stirrings. These we name, 'new' and 'young,' meaning unquenchable."

MacKaye has not created strong characters. Situations are one and all manufactured by the playwright himself, and the characters are wedged into them and left to muddle around as best they might in trying to get in or out of trouble. Without exception they lack determined individuality; they have no notions of their own, no rules of conduct. This central weakness affects his entire play structure: its absence only reveals to what extent its presence might be desirable. Though MacKaye has intertwined the fantastic and the really human, his work makes an unqualified appeal, but stage work should be a presentation of human life in word and action. The keystone of successful drama lies in the assemblage of striking situations and characters—individuals who can cope with human affairs and emerge victorious. In attaining this standard, Percy MacKaye has but partially succeeded. What a pity that his characters are not made to dare to experience, and to transmute this experience into helpful lessons for correct living!

Despite his defects, however, Percy MacKaye has succeeded in producing a new form of dramatic art. It contains, to be sure, elements familiar in the spoken drama, namely, the pantomime, the pageant,

the dance, and the general relation to opera, though in conception and execution it differs considerably from any of these forms of art. To MacKaye belongs the credit of reforming the American drama and of introducing innovations of European tradition, which he adapted to local conditions. In the words of the American critic Doran, we repeat, "There was little connection between the stage and the best of contemporary life, until the pioneer work of Percy MacKaye began. His zeal and enthusiasm have been remarkable and his contribution to the American theater will doubtless seem more important in another generation."

Caspar Heimann, '28.

Hope

Oh fervid Hope! What joy thou bearest me!
I followed thee alone o'er hill and plain;
Though long I sought, I did not seek in vain,
For thou hast brought to me this ecstasy.
Within my heart the bubbles frolic free,
The hopeful bubbles that so long had lain,
Afraid to rise lest they be sniffed again
Like hopeful dreams that disappear from me.

To joyous tunes that flit throughout my mind,
The happy nymphs and fairies softly dance
Upon the gleeful bubbles glistening there.
What greater happiness could I e'er find?
The fondest of fair dreams my life enhance,
And blissful hope spreads gladness everywhere.

—Joseph Reitz, '28.

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It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Rev. Meinrad Koester, C. PP. S. -----Faculty Director

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EDITORIAL

WELCOME, a bright welcome to the New Year! May it prove a happy one in the ceaseless flow of time. Mankind has passed another milestone on the highway of time; another fleeting year with its joys and sorrows has faded into memory. A glance backward reveals the panorama of life in the twilight of memory; its pleasant hours and sunny moments loom into living reality; its clouds of disappointment dissolve and fade in the bright sunshine of achievement. Every new year rouses in the heart of man great hope; it epitomizes in advice the lessons of the past;

it urges man to begin with increased courage and strength; it fosters in him the hope that its dim future holds the key to joy and happiness which the old year failed to reveal. Like the Chamberlain of Louis XIV, who, breaking his staff of office, exclaimed, "The King is dead," and then seizing another wand and waving it over his head shouted, "Long live the King!" so it is with a parting and a coming year. The old year has hardly faded away, when its new-born successor is at hand. In its cohorts may there be joy and happiness, success and achievement, strength and vigor in abundance. Farewell, then, 1927; welcome, thrice welcome, 1928.

Vacation days! Happy days! What an array of memories their mention recalls; days of true enjoyment and unending pleasures, so outstanding now because of their absence. With intense longing the average student looks forward to these days of relaxation, only to find that they slip by sooner than he could imagine. "If only the routine of classes could travel at that speed," he is prone to remark. Regardless of these sentiments, however, most people are willing to admit the pleasures and satisfaction of performing their particular work, and it is likewise with renewed vigor and earnestness that the student should return to his books. A secret, yet powerful attraction urges him to expend every effort in making his work successful, for nothing less than success should be the aim of his endeavors. Relaxation during free periods should but pave the way for painstaking and conscientious work, and only by doing so can vacation claim to solve the problem which gave it existence—the problem of providing variety and diversion in the monotony of routine life.

The Latins regarded any rest from their work as a "vacation;" the Italians to this day refer to the dinner hour, recreation periods, the afternoon siesta, and the like as "vacations." Depending of course upon his viewpoint, the student can likewise make such times—short and unimportant as they may seem—little "vacations." After all, these events are significant since life is merely an assemblage of trifles and of seemingly unimportant incidents, but what an imposing edifice do not these apparently unimportant events actually rear! Goldsmith says, "These little things are great to little men," and their proper use insures success to the conscientious.

Exchanges

Several of our exchanges have interpreted the remarks we made in the October issue concerning exchange warfare as a wish on our part to revert to this time-worn manner of criticising. Far be it from us to harbor a desire such as that! While unmitigated censure is of great interest and amusement to all readers, it must, nevertheless, often neglect or lose sight of the real purpose of the exchange column; namely, to interchange helpful criticism and encouragement. The exchange editor whose mind is clouded by a vengeful attempt to pay back slam for slam cannot view a paper from the proper critical perspective. Every criticism that appears in our pages is our truthful, unbiased, and disinterested opinion.

To our big brother, the NUNTIUS AULAE, published semi-annually by the Seminarians, C. PP. S., Carthagenia, Ohio, we are indebted for the most encouraging comment and helpful review thus far received. Although the NUNTIUS, because of its

inherent excellence and also because it is not a college journal, falls beyond the scope of our criticism, we cannot refrain from adding to our appreciation of its interest, a word of congratulation to its staff upon the classic superiority of the January number.

We are grateful also for comments received from the MARYMOUNT COLLEGE SUNFLOWER, BLUE AND GOLD, WAG, BLACK AND RED, WRIGHT HIGH SCHOOL CHRONICLE, WILSON HIGH SCHOOL ECHO, and the D. C. H. S. TATTLER.

The December number of the CENTRAL CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL ECHO, Ft. Wayne, Indiana, is worthy of imitation and compliment in point of locals, essays, editorials, verse, and stories, in the order mentioned. "Corn Whiskey," ranking first among the stories, is evidence that stories with anti-climax plots serve as excellent material for incipient writers. "My Opinion of the Freshmen" and "What is Your Ambition?" lay timely and common-sense emphasis on a most important phase of high school life.

THE WILSON HIGH SCHOOL ECHO, Easton, Pennsylvania, is a praiseworthy monthly. The cuts are catchy in idea and neat in design. "Cinderella" is an interesting story, but its plot copies its namesake rather closely. "A Modern Barbara Frietchie" is an amusing and well-constructed ballad.

THE WAG, Routt College, Jacksonville, Illinois, is an attractive monthly. The artistic white cover, neat arrangement, and appropriate department headings appeal to the eye at once. The literary section

of the Christmas issue is varied and of high grade. "A Master of Language" is an excellent appreciation, but almost too profuse in praise of Conrad.

The December issue of the WRIGHT HIGH SCHOOL CHRONICLE, New Orleans, Louisiana, is in every respect worthy of commendation. The stories are interesting in plot and well constructed, except that "The Criminal" and "Sunniest Day" are rather gloomy in sentiment. In "Just Think, Girls" the evolutionists receive a well-merited tongue-lashing, but on the whole, a subject as broad and many-sided as evolution is hardly fit for a high school essay. Let the scientists, fundamentalists, and the other "ists" fight out evolution among themselves. There are many more profitable and engrossing subjects upon which any reader may dwell with real pleasure.

Library Notes

OSCAR Wilde once pithily remarked: "Nothing succeeds like excess." Many of the modern poets have tacked this motto above their writing-desks, and have proceeded to use their poetry as a medium through which they thumb their noses vigorously at the conventions of both the moralists and the rhetoricians. All of the poets of the present day, however, do not belong to this insurgent group and even the radicals at times forget their materialism long enough to produce real poetry. In spite of the excesses of the apostles of unrhymed cadences, "vers libre," "polyphonic" prose and the like, contemporary poetry deserves more than a lifting of the eyebrows or a careless shrug of the shoulders. The freshness

and vigor of much of the new poetry, its reflection of the spirit and manner of the times, and its use of the kind of language with which all are familiar will have a tendency to win back to a reading of poetry those men and women who have been frightened away by the terrifying names: "onomatopoeia," "metonymy," "synecdoche," and "apophasis," which were associated with the poetry of their schooldays.

Such a number of interesting facts are connected with the lives of many of the modern poets, as to make one curious to learn what sort of poetry they write. John Masefield was a sailor and an assistant bartender before he became one of the most important of the modern poets. Masefield has shown by his "Good Friday and Other Poems" that he is one of the moderns who has not found it necessary to sacrifice truth and sanctity to art. Those who become interested in Masefield will be attracted to his master Chaucer, for Masefield was much influenced by the "father of English literature." The suggestion of one poet by another—of the master by his pupil, is one pleasant result to be looked forward to from the reading of contemporary poetry. To those who previously have been unable to become interested in the giants of earlier literature, an introduction to the great poets of the past through the poets of the present will be a priceless reward for the time spent with the moderns.

In a book, happily free from the academic language of rhetoricians, Max Eastman tells how one may learn to enjoy poetry. The title of the book is "Enjoyment of Poetry" and the author's purpose is to increase enjoyment by showing that the poetic in every-day perception should not be separated from the poetic in literature. Mr. Eastman not only would

have people read poetry, but write and live it; this, after all, is the best way to enjoy poetry. Perhaps no reader will agree with all that Mr. Eastman writes in his book, but every reader will profit by a perusal of "Enjoyment of Poetry."

Marguerite Wilkinson, who, while not a Sappho, is a poet of note, has gathered together a very representative anthology of modern poets in "New Voices." For the "Reading with a Purpose" series, she has written also a brief introduction to the study of contemporary poetry and a guide to a few collections of poetry. This smaller book is called "The Poetry of Our Times." In "New Voices," Mrs. Wilkinson comments illuminatingly on each group of poetry given under the chapter headings of the book. The first part of "New Voices" is devoted to a discussion of the technique of contemporary poetry; in this division organic rhythm, images and symbols, the diction of present-day poetry, conservative and radical poets are commented on, and sample poems for each topic are given. "The Spirit of Contemporary Poetry" is the heading of the second part of the book; here poetry is gathered and discussed under the following captions: "Democracy and the New Themes," "Patriotism and the Great War," "Love," "Religion," "Nature," "Personality," and "Children and Poetry."

Many readers will be surprised to learn from a reading, not only the "New Voices," but from a reading of Jessie B. Rittenhouse's "First and Second Books of Modern Verse" that G. K. Chesterton is even a better poet than he is an essayist. It is the opinion of more than one student of contemporary literature that Chesterton's greatest fame will be won through his poetry, rather than through his

prose. Since Chesterton and Belloc are often mentioned in the same breath, it is not strange that Hilaire Belloc should find a place with his fellow-countryman among the worthwhile modern poets.

Francis Thompson, Louise Imogen Guiney, Alice Maynell, William Butler Yeats, Padriac Colum, Robert Frost, Alfred Noyes, Joyce and Aline Kilmer, Sara Teasdale, the child poet Hilda Conkling, T. A. Daly, James Whitcomb Riley, the shoemaker-salesman-floor-walker-poet, author of "My Ireland," Francis Carlin, and a host of others—a poet for every mood, a poet for every disposition—await a reader in either the anthologies previously mentioned, or in Maynard's "Book of Modern Catholic Verse" and Leslie's "Anthology of Catholic Poets." The reader should be satisfied not only with what is found in the anthologies, but should pick out the poet that appeals in a particular manner to him, learn some of that poet's verse by heart, and read as many of the poems of his favorite as possible.

—Thomas Corcoran, '29

Locals

Recent visitors at the college were: The Very Rev. Provincial, Ignatius Wagner, C. PP. S., Carthage, Ohio; the Rev. Gilbert Esser, C. PP. S., Burkettsville, Ohio; the Rev. Leo Pursley, Lafayette, Ind.; the Rev. Leo Sponar, C. PP. S., Carthage, Ohio; the Rev. Stanislaus Neiberg, C. PP. S., Rensselaer, Ind.; the Rev. Joseph Patrick Ahn, C. PP. S., Carthage, Ohio.

In a meeting held December 18, the class of '28 chose Cornelius Heringhaus and Edward Siegman, president and secretary respectively, to guide their class-ship through the possibly stormy waters of what in the end must prove to be a successful year. Under the capable direction of these individuals, the class of '28 feel confident of their success, and not without reason. Both officials have previously handled similar duties with marked ability, and the same spirit of loyalty and whole-hearted interest will undoubtedly characterize their work as the leaders of the class of '28.

For the Community students who remained at St. Joe during Christmas vacation, the time was divided between basketball, cards, skating, and various other less popular pastimes. The basketball manager was continually beset with appeals for the floor. The results of this fervent practice ought to manifest themselves now that the regular league games have been resumed.

On Christmas morning Brother William's trusty bell was relieved by a violin quartet, composed of Francis Weiner, Hugo Uhrich, John Kraus, and Henry Bucher, who aroused the peaceful slumberers of St. Joe with the dulcet strains of "Stille Nacht." At 5:00 A. M. the first Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Father Schuette with Father Paluszak, and Mr. Joseph Hennes as deacon, and sub-deacon respectively. Father Paluszak preached the sermon. After a genuine Christmas breakfast, the tree in the lower study hall was inspected. The club room, refectory, and lower study hall had been decorated for the occasion by the members of the senior class.

At 8:15 the second Solemn High Mass was sung

by Father Kenkel, who also delivered the sermon. At both Masses the choir rendered appropriate music under the direction of Father Omlor, who, fortunately, was at home during the entire Christmas vacation. At the second Mass the choir sang the Mass in Honor of the Sacred Heart for the first time. At Benediction several Christmas carols in English and German were sung.

In the afternoon a number of the students gave a private German program for the Sisters, as a slight evidence of the students' appreciation of the efforts of the Sisters in their behalf. Roman Lochotzki as "Peltznikel" afforded lasting and hearty amusement to all present.

The evening was beguiled in witnessing an unusually interesting movie: Doug Fairbanks in "The Mark of Zorro." Before the movie Paul Knapke and Albert Gordon entertained with piano duets.

On December 29, the Feast of Blessed Gaspar del Bufalo, Founder of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood, was fittingly celebrated with Solemn High Mass sung by Father Rapp. Father Joseph Ahn, C. PP. S., who held the retreat exercises for the Sisters and for the Brothers during Christmas week, preached an appropriate sermon. In the afternoon permission was given to go to town. There the students saw May Mac Avoy in "Slightly Used," a movie decidedly better than its name would suggest.

IN MEMORIAM

It is a sad duty to chronicle here the death of Venerable Sister Agatha, C. PP. S., Superior of the Sisters at Collegeville, who was called to her eternal reward on January 7. For twenty long years she

spent her utmost energies in behalf of the institution, rendering kind and faithful services to the many who came under her care. Hers was a life of self-sacrifice and mortification for her dear Lord, Whom she loved dearly; her actions were a continual prayer offered to Almighty God in childlike love and confidence; her death was but a consummation of a life-long oblation, a haven of rest after a life of ceaseless toil. We who appreciate her kindly services pray for her soul which now has been called to that home above where there is joy eternal and peace forevermore.

Reveries

As Jim and Phil were discussing a recent basketball game, Bill and Jack walked into the Club and joined company with their two friends.

"I just saw Brother William coming over to the gym," Jack said as he interrupted the conversation.

"Well that is unusual," exclaimed Phil, the new student. "In fact, I do not recall ever having seen him over here as yet."

"Brother Bill attends only one public exercise each year, in the gymnasium and that is the commencement exercises," explained Jack.

"How long has he been here?" asked Jim. "It must be a long time 'cause on Alumni Day even the oldest boys all shake hands with Cobbs. I'd like also to know how he got that name, for I hear it is a nickname."

"So far as I know he came in 1898," Bill informed

Jim. "But the origin of the nickname, Cobbs, is shrouded in obscurity."

"I suppose," said Phil, "that he's been ringing the bells since then."

"Yes, but now prepare yourselves for a shock—he has rung the handbell alone over 200,000 times. He rings the electric bells oftener than the handbell. These figures prove that bells are carefully manufactured, for he is using only the third one even now yet. Although the other two varied in tone, still they produced the same effect on the students as this one does." This piece of information came from Jack, an older student.

"I never will forget," Phil told his friends, "how astonished and almost angry I was, when, after my first night at St. Joe, that bell sounded in my ears. Why it seemed to demand that I should get out of bed immediately."

"But say, Bill, what paper is it that Brother William used to read so faithfully?" Jim interrogated.

"Why, he read the Pathfinder and has read it for 18 years, but he does not read it so regularly any more. He used to read it as regularly as Ohio State lost football games last year."

"During my first years here, he used to conduct Scripture classes once or twice a week quite as the occasion demanded," Jack reminded Bill.

"I'll bet," said Jim, "that he has many a good laugh by himself as he sees the freshmen attempting, with doubtful success, the same tricks that have been tried for twenty-five years."

"To be sure he has, but I wish to add right here that to my mind he is the most faithful person whom I have ever seen. It is a pity that those who render truly valiant service, such as he gives, are not recognized as very important factors in our daily life, until long after they have left us. As I was reading in Stevens, one day last week, I was reminded of Brother William, alias Cobbs, by one sentence which stated that "time divided is never long and that regularity abridges all things." If it were not for the regularity of the bells calling us to various duties, the time would become intolerable." This reminiscence came from Jack.

"Brother William," said Bill, "has a record, which for most men would constitute an impossible ideal."

Alumni Notes

James Lauer stopped for a short visit just before the holidays. He was on his way to the Pacific coast where he plans to spend several years in the state of Washington.

Bernard O'Neil is one of the few members of the class of '27 who did not enter a major seminary. He is in the grocery business in Toledo, Ohio.

The staff was very much pleased to hear from the Rev. Maximilian Walz who was largely instrumental in founding the Collegian in 1894. The sympathetic encouragement and kindly wishes for success, as well as the generous three-year subscription of this alumnus, are gratefully acknowledged and thoroughly appreciated.

Eugene Lonsway, a former exchange editor of the

Collegian, after leaving St. Joseph's, studied for a few years at St. Charles Seminary, Baltimore, Maryland, and then took up the printing business in Fostoria, Ohio. He now heads The Lonsway Printery at Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Societies

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

On the evening of December 21, the Columbian Literary Society presented, as its Christmas program, "Friend Indeed." The play is a Samuel French production, a comedy drama in three acts by C. Hamilton and B. Voight. In appeal and general interest, this drama does not equal the high standard of "A Pair of Sixes," but the rendition was highly creditable to the members of the cast and to the C. L. S. The playing of Emil Meyer as Jack Singleton and the dramatic efforts of Ferd Evans as George Hancock, seem especially worthy of commendation. The female character of Patricia Bing, interpreted by Cornelius Flynn, easily measures up to similar impersonations of the past. Other leading characters of the play were Winthrop Dana, editor of the "Morning Star," well interpreted by Edward Siegman, and Dorothy Hancock, by Robert Neumeyer. Undoubtedly the most amusing character of the play was that of O'Rielly, police detective head, played by Anthony Thoben. With this presentation, the Columbians concluded a most successful semester, and their programs of the future will undoubtedly maintain the high degree of excellence which they now possess. Following is the complete cast of characters for "Friend Indeed:"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Winthrop Dana, proprietor and editor of the "Morning Star"-----Edward Siegman
 Jack Singleton, his friend -----Emil Meyer
 Blackwell, star reporter -----Carl Gates
 Charles Cartwright, known as "Owls," cub reporter--
 -----William Stecker
 Patricia Bing, stenographer and secretary-----
 -----Cornelius Flynn
 George Hancock, leading citizen of Tarkington-----
 -----Ferd Evans
 Dorothy Hancock, his niece -----Robert Neumeyer
 Parker, president of bank in Tarkington -----
 -----Arthur Schmit
 O'Rielly, police detective head -----Anthony Thoben
 Mary, maid at Hancock's -----Roman Missler

NEWMAN CLUB

The initial public presentation of the Newmanites, on December 8, undoubtedly merits the compliment, successful. Throughout the program the sympathetic attention and generous appreciation of the audience were gladly given to the participants. The vice-president of the Club, Thomas Durkin, gave a very commendable introductory address. In the delivery of the president, Victor Pax, a pleasing criticism of the "Hoosier Poet" constituted the theme. The interpretation of the one act play, "I Haven't Time," is a credit to the Club. Ambrose Freund in the leading role of the lawyer, Mac Gregor, proved his capabilities. Herman Reineck as Jimmy, the office boy, Spalding Miles in the role of Harrington, a millionaire, and Francis Otto as Bob, his son, all deserve credit for their work. John Baechle interpreted the

monologue, "The Hazing of Valient," in a very praiseworthy manner. "The Brothers," a dramatic sketch in one act, concluded the evening's entertainment. Capably assisted by Francis Weiner in the role of Charles Feldon, Marcellus Dreiling, as Wayne White, and Joseph Pastorek as Donald White, effectively portrayed their parts.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

A sizeable box was sent by the Dwenger Unit to the San Xavier Missions, Tucson, Arizona, to insure a happy Christmas for the needy of that locality. The contents of this Christmas box—clothing and other useful articles—were solicited from the entire student body. Over the holidays the chief interest of the Unit has been centered in the progress of the raffle planned by a committee selected at the meeting held Sunday, December 18. With many prizes on the list, the members of the Unit hope, by enthusiastic effort to make the raffle a success.

RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB

Although a full business meeting and an entertainment were planned for Sunday, December 11, the meeting came to an abrupt close when it was discovered that the time had passed faster than the plans had materialized. A vocal, and several piano solos evoked hearty applause in the course of the program. The most popular feature was the Sophomore Quartet, led by Bart Striker. The rendition of several novelties was greeted by an enthusiastic reception. On account of the lack of time the business of the meeting was postponed until after the holidays.

Athletics

SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

	W.	L.	Pct.
Fifths -----	2	0	1000
Sixths -----	1	1	500
Fourths -----	1	1	500
Thirds -----	1	1	500
Seconds -----	0	2	000

THIRDS 16—FOURTHS 12

In the opening game of the local basketball season, the Thirds triumphed over the Fourths, 16 to 12. The game was fast and exciting, with the Thirds outplaying the Fourths throughout the game. At the end of the first half the score was 6 to 5 in favor of the Thirds. The Fourths' regulars replaced the second team in the final period, but the Thirds smothered the offensive attack of the Fourths and held them to seven points.

FIFTHS 21—SIXTHS 20

The Fifths celebrated their first game by winning from the Sixths by the close score of 21 to 20. As it was, the game was decided in the last two minutes of play when a free throw by Babin looped through the basket. The playing of both teams was not up to standard, many baskets being missed, and passing in general being very poor. Spalding of the Fifths was high point man with 8 points, and Nieset a close second, with 6.

FOURTHS 41—SECONDS 7

Encountering very little opposition from the

Seconds, the Fourths had easy sailing in their second game, winning 41 to 7. The Fourths lacked co-operation throughout most of the game, while the Seconds were completely disorganized. M. Dreiling and Billinger of the Fourths were the individual stars of the game.

FIFTHS 18—THIRDS 16

After putting up a game fight throughout the fray, the Thirds finally succumbed to the Fifths' attack, 18 to 16. To say merely that this game was exciting would not do justice to the game. As it is, the Fifths can feel proud of their victory, and the Thirds can hold the same sentiments toward their defeat. The Thirds led at half 10 to 7, but the Fifths came back strong in the final half and pierced the Thirds' defense for a victory.

SIXTHS 21—SECONDS 11

The Seconds staged a real comeback when they met the Sixths on December 20, by making a strong bid for victory, and when that had failed, by fighting grimly up to the final whistle. Cardinali was high point man with 9 markers to his credit. For the Sixths, Norton and Connor played a good floor game.

MIDGET LEAGUE STANDING

	W.	L.	Pct.
Celts -----	2	0	1000
Go-Getters -----	1	0	1000
Arrows -----	1	1	500
Eagles -----	0	1	000
Jokers -----	0	2	000

CELTS 8—JOKERS 7

After trailing the Jokers for practically the entire

game, the Celts managed to spot an extra basket which won a victory for them. The Jokers were no "jokes" in this case, being very much in earnest and fighting to the end of the game. De Mars of the Celts and Kennedy of the Jokers were the chief luminaries of the game.

GO-GETTERS 10—ARROWS 7

The Go-Getters got a victory by defeating the Arrows, 10 to 7, in an interesting and hard-fought game. With Manager Jansen of the Go-Getters leading the attack, the victors scored 8 points in the final half and held their opponents scoreless, after the Arrows had led at half 7 to 2. Koehn and Toth for the Arrows played a good consistent game of basketball.

CELTS 9—EAGLES 7

With De Mars again leading the attack, the Celts triumphed over the Eagles 9 to 7. The losers staged a hard fight to win, scoring 6 points to the Celts 4 in the second half, but the Eagles could not pierce the Celts defense in the final minutes of play.

ARROWS 18—JOKERS 9

The Arrows had the Jokers at their mercy in this, the second game for both teams, and won easily, 18 to 9. With Toth and Kelly shooting from all angles, the Jokers defense weakened and finally broke. Kennedy, however, played a good floor game for the losers, accounting for 6 of their 9 points.

Free Air---Hot and Otherwise

A young man just out of law school was pleading his first case. A farmer had had twenty-four hogs killed by a railroad company. The new lawyer wishing to impress the jury with the magnitude of the crime said: "Twenty-four hogs, gentlemen, twenty-four; just twice the number there in the jury box."

Prefect: "Didn't your conscience tell you that that was wrong?"

Student: "Yes, but I do not believe everything I hear."

"Perhaps," says Meyer, "eating onions is one of the secrets of a long life and health, but how are you going to keep it secret?"

Must fleas fly because flies flee?

Correct this sentence: Yes, I made a hole in one, but it was merely blind luck.

Encyclopedia Collegevilla: Diplomat: A man who convinces his wife that a woman looks stout in a fur coat.

Meadow Lark: A party thrown in the country.

Joseph Maloney: "I'm going to get my whiskers on the installment plan."

Harris: "How's that?"

Mal: "A little down each month."

Ryan: "You were at Latin class this morning, weren't you?"

Jansen: "Sure, what makes you ask?"

Ryan: "Your suit looks as though you had slept in it."

Just before little Robert started to say his evening prayers his mother told him to pray that it would get warmer so that grandmother's rheumatism would get better. At the end of his prayers he added: "And please make it hot for grandma."

"So you're keepin' a sharp lookout for work?"

"Yes, indeed, boss. A feller can't be too careful dese days. Might run inter it any minnit!"

Policeman: "How does my club strike you?"

Vagrant: "It's just stunning."

Miss Goodly: "Wat's the matter, my poor man?"

Mr. Weary: "Madam, something I haven't eaten has disagreed with me."

Prefect: "Yes, we have a wonderful school here. Good discipline, modern buildings, beautiful furnishings, but discipline above all. By the way, what struck you first on entering the lower study hall?"

Visitor: "A bean from a bean-shooter."

If you can not win make the one ahead of you break the record.

Look over the ads before you supply your needs. Buy from the men who have spaces here.

Saving money is not as hard as keeping it saved.

You must expect some bumps when you get out of the rut.

I never noticed the bridge until her mouth began to water.

Just happened to see the lawn mower in the basement the other day and my back started to ache immediately.

Advertisement: "This appliance will reduce your hips or bust."

Dark-toned Gentleman: "How's collections at your church, Jackson?"

Darker-toned Gentleman: "Well we ain't had to stop in de middle ob de collection to go and empty de box."

Mother: "There were two oranges in the pantry this morning and now there's only one. How do you account for that?"

Johnny: "It was dark in the pantry and I didn't notice the other one."

Clerk: "Here's a good automatic gun which carries eight shells."

Lady: "Do you think I'm a polygamist?"

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